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MENDELSSOHN'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

WE have received a communication from Mr. Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy, brother of the late composer, dated Berlin, January the 14th, in connection with the above subject. As the matter is of too much importance to be lightly dismissed, we are compelled to defer the publication of Mr. Mendelssohn's letter, and whatever we have to say for ourselves in reply, until next week.

MADAME PLEYEL.

THIS great pianist will arrive in London in a few days, and has announced a Concert, to take place on the 31st instant, at the Hanover-square Rooms, previous to her departure on a *tournee* in the provinces. We need hardly say that all musical London will be present, to welcome back the Queen of pianoforte players, who will thus brilliantly and auspiciously inaugurate the season of 1853.

DON GIOVANNI IN PARIS.

ON Thursday week the *Italiens* was crowded, on the occasion of the first production of Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, which brought into play nearly the whole strength of the company. Much curiosity was excited about the personation of the gallant Don by Signor Lorenzo, who, it was said, had bestowed on the part much study and pains. The performance displayed some admirable points, and indicated throughout—what nobody ever doubted—that Signor Lorenzo was an artist of original thought, and that he possessed energy and fire, and capabilities in other respects of no mean order. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged, without entering into details or specifications, that Tamburini's place has yet to be supplied, and that we must live in hope of seeing Don Giovanni realised and made vital.

Madlle. Bertrandi—we give the fair songstress her Royal Italian Opera cognomen—was much admired in Elvira, and gave the grand aria, "Ah! che mi dice mai," with great purity and passion: An evident improvement, both in style and voice, was recognised.

Calzolari made a capital Ottavio, and gave the "Il Mio tesoro" delightfully.

But to Sophie Cruvelli belonged the principal, if not all the honours of the evening. Her Donna Anna has been pronounced by all competent judges as her grandest and most finished impersonation. The great recitative and aria

in the first act, was given with singular passion and power, and evoked a hurricane of applause. Throughout the whole opera, it was apparent that she was completely absorbed in her part, and lent it all the aid of her talents and genius. The triumph was a peculiar one for the *Italiens*, and for Sophie Cruv

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Classical Chamber Music Society.—Musical Director, Charles Hallé.—Town-Hall, Manchester, January 13, 1853.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Quartet—Pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (in F minor, Op. 2).....	Mendelssohn
Serenade, Mr. Perring. "I arise from dreams of thee".....	C. Salaman
Sonata—Pianoforte and violoncello, (in B flat, Op. 45).....	Mendelssohn

PART II.

Trio—Pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (in B flat, Op. 97).....	Beethoven
German Lied, Mr. Perring. "By a brook a youth was lying".....	Proch
Solo—Violin, Herr Molique, Andante in B flat } Allegretto in E.....	Molique
Solo—Pianoforte— Studies { Danklied nach Sturm } { Liebeslied..... } { "Wenn ich ein Vöglein } { wür, flog ich zu dir"..... }	Hen elt

We have thought in former seasons, that Hallé's Chamber Concerts had attained a pitch of excellence it was impossible to surpass. Whether it is the stimulus given by his having this season a committee of management, who by exclusiveness have long since filled his subscription list, or Hallé's own innate taste, we know not, but certainly, this season, his Chamber Concerts throw all former seasons into the shade. At this, the fourth concert of the series, we again had Piatti and Molique, with Baetens at the tenor,—(perhaps second to none in the country)—glorious Hill alone excepted; Perring, the tenor singer, as vocalist, and Mr. R. Anderson as accompanist. The result was as perfect a performance as it has ever been our good fortune to hear. The room was quite crowded, many gentlemen having to stand the whole time, (above three hours.) The selection of pieces was like Hallé's playing, perfect. Of Mendelssohn—two unique and splendid specimens were given on the pianoforte, quartet (op. 2, in F minor,) and in the uno sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, (in B flat, op 45,) in the first part. Of Beethoven—one of his greatest chamber compositions—the trio in B flat, op 97, in the second part, the playing of the four artists, in the opening quartet, was as close, as finished, and as delicate as can be conceived possible, a marked proof of which was the general and unanimous encore so early in the evening as the second movement,—the adagio. Of course the merit of the encore is not all due to the executant, Mendelssohn

must come in for his due share, but at the same time, his elegant thoughts were so gracefully expressed in this movement, and especially in its close, where, after the pianoforte accompanying the strings, the subject is so beautifully taken up by Hallé on the pianoforte in its turn, and accompanied by the strings in iterated notes. The delicacy with which this was done by all three—violin, viola, and violoncello, surpassed anything we remember; and, on the encore, it was repeated with equal finish. The third movement, the "Intermezzo," and the finale, "Allegro molto Vivace," were splendidly played. Mr. Perring's songs were selected with care, and carefully sung, but we have known him to produce a better effect and impression, with songs of a more popular character, or at least better known. The duo sonata, in the hand of two such artists as Hallé and Piatti, was a great and glorious treat. Piatti, with his thoroughly Italian cast of countenance, with his dark, deep set eyes, black air and moustachios, in strong contrast to the fair hair and mild but talented look of Hallé—the two were a perfect picture, both, too, so energetic and in earnest to give effect to each others playing, and to Mendelssohn's lovely sonata! The duet has been ably analysed by Macfarren. We can but express our wonder and admiration at the prodigality and richness of melody that is displayed in every movement, and perhaps most all that beautiful one in the last, the Allegro Assai, led off by the cello. It might be listened to twenty times, and new beauties discovered at every hearing. The grand trio, op 97, has been often descanted on by us in *The Musical World*. Any of its readers, who have ever attended chamber concerts, can imagine the delight at hearing a work so elaborate, yet with whose leading subject and *motivi*, we were so familiar—done by such hands as Molique, Piatti, and Hallé. Molique improves upon us every time we hear him, he devotes himself so to his work, and blends so artistically with the other instruments, yet with such a clear singing quality of tone, that makes him a chamber violin player of the very highest order. He has such a jolly look, that we should have taken him for a sturdy good-humoured Englishman, had we not known to the contrary. Piatti and Hallé we have long since placed at the top of the classical tree in Europe, in our estimation. To attempt to give our impressions of this performance of the fine trio would only lead us into extravagance, or drag us into commonplace exclamations of delight, unworthy the subject. The two marked and beautiful subjects of this allegro, the jovial one of the scherzo, and the mysterious movement at the opening of the trio, in five flats, by the violoncello, with its bright and exhilarating response on the pianoforte, the grand and solemn andante cantabile, following into and wound up by the prodigally rich allegro moderato, which forms the presto finale to this grand work, were each and all the sources of deep, unbounded, and unspeakable delight to numbers in the crowded Town-Hall. It was well nothing long, or in any way commonplace, had to succeed this fountain of delight. After Perring's second song by Proch, Molique came in and gave two solos of his own on the violin, in exquisite taste, short, sharp, and decisive. He could not have proved his fine tone and pure mellifluous execution more than if he had played all night. They differed too very nicely in character—the first being a plaintive andante in B flat; the second a brilliant and chirruping allegretto in E. Hallé then came, and with the like good judgment was not too long in his three solos, all studies by Henselt, and well contrasted in character, and as usual it was a masterly wind up to the concert.

There is some discussion at present in Manchester, as to the propriety and feasibility of doubling the number of subscribers to the Gentlemen's Concerts, and duplicate concerts to be held within a night or two of each other, so that the same talent and same trouble of getting up, might, at a little extra expense, afford a treat to twice the present subscribers. Something must be done; there is a vast and increasing class in Manchester who are fond of music, and quite shut out from the Concert Hall. We made an inquiry the week before last about a pianoforte arrangement, by some good hand, (such as Benedict, Sterndale Bennett, or Moscheles,) of the familiar and pleasing *motivi*, in the Kreutzer or A minor sonata of Beethoven, (including the tremolo, and the lively subject in the finale), or of the principal subject in the trio by the same master, Op. 70, No 2. Instead of a reply to our inquiry we were no little

surprised to find, under Notices to Correspondents, a notice to us stating no letter had been received last week from us about Mr. Harris's and Jullien's concerts! When, not only had our report about both these been received, the week before, but had actually been inserted at length in *The Musical World*, of Saturday the 8th inst. Now, the fact is, last week there was no concert to write about, except the usual Monday night concert at the Free Trade Hall, at which we were not present, so no letter was sent at all. The concerts are coming thick upon us now. During the next three weeks, besides the ordinary Glee and Madrigal meetings, there will be at least some thirteen or fourteen concerts, averaging above four a-week! How are we to report them all? Must do all we can. Mr. C. A. Seymour's second quartet concert comes first on the list, on Thursday the 20th; three Monday night concerts at the Free Trade Hall; three Saturday night concerts at the Mechanics Institution; Mr. Charles Hallé's fifth and sixth concerts on the 27th Jan., and 10th February; Jullien's LAST on the 25th Jan.; a concert on the 26th for the Catholic Female Orphan Asylum, at the Free Trade Hall. Then, Mr. J. Thorne Harris has to postpone his fourth Classical Chamber Concert, which was fixed for the 27th, to Thursday, the 3rd Feb., (the 27th having been fixed on by Hallé's) and last, the friends of Mr. Harris, grateful to him for his spirited endeavour to extend the taste for classical music in Manchester, are about to give him a benefit concert at the Library Hall, in the Athenæum, on the evening of Saturday the 5th February, the performance to be Vocal and Instrumental, chiefly by amateurs, assisted by the choir of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Broughton, at which Mr. Harris is organist. A committee of gentlemen have kindly undertaken the few inevitable expenses, and as the tickets are but 2s. 6d. each, we hope the Hall will be crowded.

There was again a "monstrous" attendance at the Free Trade Hall, at the Monday evening concert this week, Miss Louisa Vining being once more the chief attraction, the only other addition to the usual principal and choir being a Mr. Winn, a basso from Bradford, in Yorkshire. The chorus singers, as usual, were excellent in all they had to do, producing some extraordinary effects in pianissimo, singing in Sir John Stevenson's well known "Hark the Vesper Hymn is stealing," sung by all the sopranos in the soli parts and choruses in full choir. Tom Cooke's beautiful "Strike the lyre," was a fine specimen of what they can do in Glee, the voices multiplied by eight. The "Sappho" had not quite so much to do, and was not quite so happy in her choice of songs. She was encored in Lavenue's, "I am queen of the merry greenwood," when she substituted, "Gin a body," in her most bewitching manner. Her great success was her old favourite, "Laughing galop," which loses none of its charm from frequent repetition, and was again tumultuously encored. Mr. Perring got an encore for Balfe's "When other lips," carefully sung, but we must confess it is no favourite of ours. Balfe's sweet melody does not suffice to redeem Bunn's poetry from the namby-pamby.

The greatest hit of the night was made by the new basso, Mr. Winn. He was encored in both his songs, and well did he deserve the compliment. The first song, Wallace's "The heart by woe o'ertaken," (from *Maritana*) he gave with great spirit and good taste. He has a bold, free, manly style of singing; a voice of good quality, got up capitably, but is not so extensive in the lower register; he will be a very decided acquisition to our provincial concerts. The last of the series of concerts takes place on Monday.

Foreign.

BOSTON.—MADAME SONTAG.—Since our last record it has been one uninterrupted musical orgy here in Boston; too much, really, for the nerves of the most insatiate music-lover. To the seven entertainments given by Madame Sontag (including the two absurdly-called "full-dress rehearsals" on the mornings of the first and last), must be added rehearsals, public, semi-public, and private, of our own societies. On Saturday last the grand opening of the Music Hall; on Sunday night the Handel and Haydn Society,

assisted by Madame Sontag; and already are announced two more "full dress" rehearsals by our Musical Fund and Education Societies, the first of the "Germania" series, and, we dare say, before this gets read, as many more. We shall not attempt an orderly review of the four programmes which Madame Sontag has presented since our last. Could we succeed in stating the general impression and result upon our mind, we should feel our duty discharged in the premises.

First then, as to voice, we find that we had even underrated the Sontag of 1852. In quality, especially in the medium register, its tones have grown upon us continually by their pure, sweet, penetrating, sympathetic character. In power, too, it has more than once proved adequate to great, as well as graceful, delicate expression. Above all, we felt this last time, in the air from Handel, "Lascia ch'io pianga," which was all sung in broad, full, simple, lofty style, without warbling and without ornament. In truth, we liked it better than any other effort of the Sontag. It was rather in power of endurance that the full voice revealed any weakness. By consummate skill she could intersperse here and there amid the finer warblings a few glorious and far-reaching notes, which gave the sense of power only enriched by that of contrast. But in a piece like "With verdure clad," so admirably commenced, and in a voice and style so suited to the music, there was a slight dulness and sense of effort in the large and elaborate passages towards the end. So in the *Scena* from *Der Freyschutz*, so perfect in the prayer, and particularly in the following recitative, where her tones grew absolutely sombre with the thoughts of night and the wind creeping through the forest, there lacked the brilliancy which we have heard, and always wish to hear, in the rapturous finale.

We do not know that anything can be added to what we have said on the score of execution. It seems as nearly perfect, in all but sustained power and brilliancy, as we can expect ever to witness. She reigns supreme in every species of embellishment; so much so, that variation pieces, such as that by Rode, Alary's "Polka Aria," the "Music Lesson," &c., seem to be her peculiar element. Only we realized, what has been said of her elsewhere, that not every note in some of those swift *routades* and *arpeggios* was distinctly audible; but while the first and last note of the figure stood out clear and bright, the intervening tones seemed scarcely whispered. It was not that the whole thing was not perfectly done, but that it failed to report its doing fully to the ear. Finer perhaps in sentiment, these feats of vocal flexibility had not the ease and absence of all sign of effort that the same things had in Alboni. The charm was somewhat disturbed by the workings of the face; indeed, in no singer have we noticed such continual modification of the embouchure (such as rounding the lips in almost to a whistle sometimes), in the production of different kinds of tone. Yet one soon ceased to regard this in the general sweetness and refinement of expression both to sight and hearing.

Of course an artist like Madame Sontag is mistress of all styles of music, as the variety in these five programmes has abundantly shown. Yet she is not equally mistress of all. There is a certain style which is peculiarly her own, which plainly dictates her preference in her selections, and which she skilfully impresses more or less upon whatever kinds she sings. It is the highly, delicately embellished style, suffused always with a certain soft and moderate vein of sentiment, which lends a gentle fragrance to the vocal flowers, and whose sweetness adds to the fascination of the playful *espiglerie*

in which she indulges so happily in *Il Barbiere*, and in the ballad, "Within a mile of Edinboro'," one of her happiest efforts. She wins and delights, rather than moves and inspires, her audiences. She rules the hour by charm, by fascination rather than by power, either of passion or of intellect. Her music is more a refining than an exalting and inspiring influence. We are charmed by the beauty of the voice, we marvel at her never-failing and consummate skill, we are fascinated by her perfect grace, which in her person corresponds entirely with her music; but the electric thrill of lofty, spiritual emotion passes not through us with the subtle magic of her tones. An instance of the insufficiency of such a style was her rendering of that most pure, inspired, and perfect melody of Mozart's, "Deu vieni non tardar:" a melody that should be sacred against all alteration and embellishment. Sontag covered it with ornament, sophisticated into a beautiful thing of her own, indeed, but quite another thing from that that flowed spontaneously from the soul of Mozart. Remember the perfect simplicity and purity with which Jenny Lind gave it, lifting you without effort into the serene, pure, heavenly azure, where the ecstasy of love becomes so calm with its own fulness, which is the meaning of the music, and for all arts of expression only lengthening out a high tone now and then with such a liquid sweetness that it seemed to melt away into the celestial infinite.

We are aware that we have not kept strictly to the topic of style, but have anticipated what belongs to the head of sentiment. There is sentiment in all the singing, even in the variation warbling of Madame Sontag. It is sweet, and gentle, and refined sentiment. And yet it must be owned to be of rather a conventional and domestic stamp. The only instance in which we remember her to have opened any very deep vein of sentiment, was in that *Freyschutz* music, where the music fairly took possession of her. But for the most part, it is such sentiment as that of the homely ballad of "Sweet Home," which she appears most heartily to render—a kind of sentiment, which has its value, which is to many the moral beau-ideal almost, but in which a very deep and earnest soul would starve for means of utterance. Indeed, the pervading sentiment or spirit of the Sontag singing is that, which to an earnest music-lover (one, for instance, who has drunk more from the deep wells of Handel and of Beethoven than from Donizetti), does not perpetually renew its charm. Its beauty outlives its vitality. Never ceasing to be beautiful, it does cease to satisfy. Or, rather, while it does satisfy the critic, it does not satisfy the soul. It is not great singing, measuring by spiritual altitude, it is great only by the measure of perfection in its kind. We find that it can satiate us, like sweet-smelling flowers and the lustre of rare gems. Admiring, praising without stint, each evening, we have grown faint with beauty, and have longed for genius' for the all-renewing energy, to give us again a fresh sense of life.

OPENING OF THE NEW MUSIC HALL.—The long expected opening came off on Saturday night, in presence of a vast assembly. Such was the desire to see and hear in the New Hall, and such the wealth of musical material collected, that there ensued a week of musical ovations. In all of these the hall itself came in for a larger share of interest than orchestra or prima donna or composer. It was a new thing, a hitherto un hoped for thing, for our great musical public to find itself together *en masse* in a spacious, beautiful, safe, comfortable, and to the ear truth-telling temple of sweet sounds.

The opening drew an audience of near 2,500, not quite filling all the seats. Many waited, more attracted by the promise of the second night. Our marvel at the general beauty of the scene was not greater than that at seeing how the well-dressed multitude around us and below us kept silently and mysteriously increasing at every point, through the forty doors of floor and balconies, like spring water softly rising in its basin. The low general murmur pervading the assembly, was tuned to the key-note of admiration. Each felt himself a part in the general harmony, both seen and felt. In the blended impression of height, area, proportion, detail, and decoration, colouring, illumination, it was hard to single out an element of the scene wherewith to commence a description. If we would trust to the impression of the moment, it was the novel mode of lighting which prompted in us the first words of surprise. Your eyes were charmed involuntarily upward, and fastened to the belt of innumerable jets of flame, which, like an intensified glow-worm, lay along the cornice of the walls. This lofty chain of gas jets, fifty feet above the floor, lit from a concealed passage-way in the wall behind the cornice, pours down a flood of mellow light along the richly-stained walls and balconies, and upon the peopled floor of the hall, without assistance from chandeliers or burners, hung within the range of the eyes to dazzle and torment them. The musicians themselves require no other light; they read their notes better by this soft but equal light, than by the distracting glare of thrice as much light placed nearer them. Perhaps it does not show off jewelry and tinsel of full dress, in the best way to dazzle vulgar fancies; but it reveals face and figure with that distinctness and purity of outline which objects wear in warm sunset; and it is just that soft, subdued light in which the mind surrenders itself most genially to the spell of music.

But it is not the light alone, it is its blending with the warm, delicate, harmonious colouring of the interior, that makes the atmosphere so rich. There is a soft rosy suffusion over the walls, which looks as if a reflection of the sunset were stealing in from without; and all the ornaments and mouldings, the pilasters and latticed fronts of the balconies, and the light doors behind each balcony, along the sides, are in harmoniously contrasted neutral tints (flesh, citron, malachite green, &c.), touched only here and there with a few salient lines and points of gold, so that all is luxuriously rich, while there is nothing offensively brilliant.

Fifty feet from the floor to the belt of lights! Fifteen feet higher hangs the ceiling, with its sky-blue diamond-shaped spaces, opening through massive bars of framework, cream-coloured, and bordered with a gold fillet. This ceiling, which is a flat parallelogram, falls considerably within the dimensions of the floor; its sides are met by arches, springing from the tops of the pilasters, which, with their chaste Corinthian capitals, relieve the four walls; in the recesses of which arches are scooped out, the semi-circular windows, the only avenues of light by day. Immediately above the lights, in the arches between the pilasters, are nineteen ventilators, five and a half feet wide each, whose action is promoted by the heat there concentrated. When we had got used to the beauty of the scene, that we could reflect upon the comfort, breathing good air for two hours, we could contrast the provision for ventilation with all we had known in other halls, however large. To listen with clear heads to music, even if the sounds dwindle somewhat in such a vast area, is better than to try in vain to enjoy the grandest bursts of harmony with brain stupefied by air, breathed over and over through thousands of lungs, till it has lost all vitality.

The great height of the ceiling (65 feet), though opposed to many pre-conceived acoustic notions, is supposed to be in about the best proportion to the length and width of the hall, which are respectively 130 and 78 feet; thus conforming nearly to the whole rule of two cubes, but precisely to the two simplest ratios of vibrating strings, namely that of 1 to 2, and 3 to 5, which produce the two most perfect accord, of octave and fifth. And here we come to the skeleton and foundation part of our description, for we entered at once upon the living scene, and noted first the colour, aspect, and expression of the hall, the general harmonies, which always catch the mind first, before stopping to take the form and measure of its structure.

We began at the top. The lights drew us there. As the eye returns from wandering over the ceiling, and slides down by the graceful white pilasters, with their capitals tipped with gold and shaded with the blue of the ceiling, and over the slightly panelled, rose-grey walls, you take in the large and elegant proportions of the ample area, "scarcely invaded" by the light balconies with latticed fronts, and rimmed with crimson velvet, which run around three sides of the room, and only wide enough to hold three rows of seats. The upper balcony is forty feet below the ceiling (we mention it for the relief of the New York editor, who feared that the heads of its occupants would be roasted by the gas lights on the cornices!) Over the end section of this balcony, in the middle of the end wall, is a niche, whence the full-length statue of Beethoven (from the hands of our countryman, Crawford,) it is hoped, will ere long look down across the crowds of his admirers over upon the orchestra. The lower balcony is of the same width on the sides, but wide enough at the end to admit of five rows of seats, rising one above another to the front of the upper end balcony. These galleries are supported from the walls without columns, except the broad end of the lower one, which rests on several slender, delicate, green-tinted iron shafts. Behind each balcony, elegant little doors, seven on each side, of fairy lightness, open into the spacious corridors by which visitors pass, outside of the hall, to the immediate vicinity of their seats, and which may also serve as promenades and excellent sounding galleries. A peep through the latticed glass of one of these doors into the lighted hall, reveals a charmed element; nowhere does the warm light and colouring appear so magical.

And now we glance down upon the level floor, upon the gay medley dresses of some fourteen or fifteen hundred people, comfortably seated upon parallel ranges (slightly curved in towards the stage) of oval-backed seats, each with its little white porcelain number-plate upon its top, covered with stuffed figured damask, and appearing, as you look across them when empty, like an army of upheld shields. The floor, too, is entered by corridors, through seven doors upon each side.

The orchestral end of the hall is imposing, though its uses do not admit of all that architectural display which the critical eye might demand. The front of the stage is five feet above the floor, with a level fore-ground for the orchestra and principal singers, and rising by seven steps, which run the whole width of the hall, from balcony to balcony, to the superb screen of arabesque open wood work, exquisitely coloured and gilded, which covers the noble arch, in a corner of which now nestles the temporary organ from the Melodeon, no longer a giant in its place. These steps on Saturday night were made into cushioned seats, from which looked down

some five hundred chorus singers, face to face with the audience.

Of the convenient orchestra rooms and drawing rooms, of the small hall below, arranged amphitheatrically, and holding nine hundred persons, of the offices and safe place for deposit of musical library, &c., the heating and ventilating apparatus, and so on, we have not room to speak. Nor must we forget that we are assembled for the opening festival, and that the ear, above all other senses, is expected to make its report.

Let us begin with reasonable precaution about first impressions. Fairly to settle the acoustic character of a new hall, of altogether unwonted magnitude, we must be familiar with all sorts of music in it, under all sorts of circumstances, for at least several weeks. It is not time yet to pronounce its triumph or its condemnation. We only answer for some personal experiences, more or less confirmed by others, which shall go on accumulating for some time before we shall dare combine them into any theory or judgment.

The experience of Saturday was a mixed one; we heard much satisfactorily, much unsatisfactorily. There was everything to interfere with perfect unity and clearness in the performance and in the impression of the music. In the first place the programme was a heterogeneous and clumsy one; necessarily so, because there was given so difficult a problem to solve, that, namely of combining into one evening's entertainment so many local musical societies, with foreign talent, so many kinds of music, and so many masters. The result was, that almost every arrangement and every item in the programme was a compromise. A whole day's festival, of three distinct and different performances, would have been a less embarrassing matter to arrange. Again, there was a general nervousness, sense of confusion and hurry among the performers. There had been but very little rehearsal, at least in the new hall itself; and in that little, the performers, not at home in the strange great place, felt not the reaction of their own sounds as much as usual, and so lost confidence in themselves, and began to have fears that the hall was hard to sing in, if not hard to hear in; nor did they know precisely how their singing ought to feel to them, even in a perfect hall of such unusual size. Some quarrelled with the height of space above, some with the carpet and cushioned seats beneath them. These, by the way, were but experimental; the first trial of the hall, with bare floor, having disclosed a vast deal of reverberation, which it was thought best to counteract by every means; possibly the corrective had been carried a little beyond the mark, and it will be easy to retrace a step or two. Again, five hundred singers on the stage were more deadening than sixty carpets to the instrumental music. Again, in the auditorium, the buzzing tongues of those too taken up with novel sights to hear or let hear; the constant shifting of seats, to try the hall from every point, &c., &c., made all vibration seem confused and feeble.

The first overture, to *Zauberflöte*, did not tell with much effect. It was neither heard well nor played well. The Fund orchestra, too, for some reason, was by no means full. The same nearly was the fate of the *Oberon* overture. The andante of the C minor Symphony, which it has grown a habit with them to play well, fell upon the ear with more distinctness. Beethoven's "Hallelujah" Chorus, sung without life or precision by the Handel and Haydn Society, who had grown unfamiliar with the music for years, and bunglingly accompanied, also rendered but a faint and uncertain

sound. Many marvelled. Is our hall a bad one? Wait. "The Heavens are telling," sung by both societies, rang out grandly, save and except the Trio, which was anything but telling—why, O hall, for it is politest to ask you? The delicate and lovely chorus from "St. Paul," by the Musical Education Society, was heard with perfect distinctness in every corner of the hall, even its finest *pianissimo* passages. The hall said it was sung well. The sublime Handel's "Hallelujah," by the whole five hundred, at the close, resounded more sublimely than we ever heard it before in any place. Then at length did the architectural harmony and grandeur of the scene ring and resound. Who doubted then about the fitness of the hall for massive oratorio performances? Alboni's large and luscious tones told upon every ear with roundness and distinctness; and certainly it cost her but the smallest effort, for she appeared more nonchalant, if possible, than is her wont. Only when encored in the last piece, *Non più mesta*, did she become somewhat excited and sing (to the spirit—she had already sung perfectly to the ear) twice as well as the first time. Alboni, we are assured, declared herself delighted with the hall, and said she sang in it with perfect ease. In her duet, substituted for the trio, from *The Barber*, with Rovere, the baritone of the latter filled the hall with ease. Nor must we forget the precise, well-blended, and shaded performance of the German "Liederkrantz," of forty male voices, under Herr Kreissmann. Their first, a hunting piece, by Mendelssohn, was marred by a loud accompaniment of trombones; but the second, the night song, by Lenz, to Goethe's words, *Unter allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*, &c. was sung without accompaniment, with rare perfection of ensemble and regard to piano and crescendo. The Germania Serenade Band played the Polonaise: "Greeting to the Fatherland," a piece involving much florid execution, with unity of tone and feeling; and to those tones the large hall lent the magic almost of the open air.

Among some disappointments were some admirable symptoms. The truest voice-tones told well; the Alboni tones found all that space obedient and responsive to their vibrations. The well-rendered portions of the great choruses, both the thunders and the whispers, never were heard to more advantage. The organ, it has been proved, sounds finely for its size; not so, however, if in any stops it happen to be out of tune; and the new "Enharmonic Organ" proves, if nothing else, that what is in perfect tune tells farther than what is false. May it be, then, that the new hall is a terrible truth-teller, ruffling and smothering uncertain sounds (or rather, so exposing every faltering and rebellious tone, that the whole drags confusedly), and only favouring the truth? That were, indeed, a great virtue in a hall. A true container and reflector of sound should possess, one would think, just that virtue. Another capital virtue in this hall we noted then, and note it ever since. It is, that every tone, high or low, loud or soft, in whatever part of the room heard, is brought to the most precise termination; with the value of the note, the sound utterly ceases; no after-vibration is left overlapping upon the succeeding notes. If sounds do not always smite you with the force they would in a hall like the Melodeon, if they are less ponderous and noisy, they are, at all events, much more distinct, and neatly outlined. A refined ear in music will soon learn to value this discovery. As we said before, the orchestral sounds, especially of the strings, fell with the least volume and vitality upon the ear. Whether it was that the musicians did not play well, or whether the hall itself was bad for such music, we could not decide. We

would be honest, even to a fault, in recalling our experiences that evening; let no one take offence, since we are all interested to find out the truth. The audience seemed delighted with the feast of ear, and eye, and soul; and, lingering in parties here and there, to take a last look of the scene, the crowds mysteriously melted away through all the forty doors aforesaid. Commonly, three minutes would suffice to empty the main hall of any crowd it could contain. We understand that about 1,000 dollars were realized, over expenses, to go toward an organ fund.

THE SACRED CONCERT, on Sunday evening, given by Mme. Sontag and the Handel and Haydn Society, at one and two dollars a seat, completely filled the new hall. The performance was most satisfactory. The *Stabat Mater*, under the conductorship of Eckert, was never before performed so well, nor heard to such advantage in our city. Mme. Sontag's voice has in none of her concerts told with such effect. In the "Inflamatus" she seemed to surpass herself in style and power of voice, and she was grandly upborne by the chorus. In the "Quis est homo" duet, she was nobly seconded by the rich tones of Miss Lehmann, who also sang the "Fac ut portem" finely. Sig. Pozzolini did justice to the "Cujus animam." Badiali was, as ever, in the "Pro Peccatis;" his ponderous, rich tones, not smiting you as in the Melodeon, but only rounded by the greater space to more appreciable volume. The unaccompanied quartet, "Quando Corpus," was sung in perfect pitch. Mme. Sontag sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as so consummate an artist could not help singing it, but with no peculiar loftiness or fervour of expression.

MME. SONTAG'S FAREWELL, on Tuesday night, again filled the hall to overflowing. So far as we can learn, that concert did away with any unfavourable impressions got at the first rehearsals. The carpet had been taken from the stage, and cane-bottomed chairs substituted for stuffed seats; and though half the choir was invaded by the audience, Mme. Sontag and all her aids were heard perfectly. Her softest tones and finest *floriture* (in which she indulged largely, it being one of her ordinary programmes), reached us with distinctness.—*Dwight's Journal*, Nov. 27, 1852.

NANTES.—(From our own Correspondent).—Since I wrote to you, *Charles VI.* has been repeated with the same perfection of ensemble as on the former occasion. Mons. Flachat is beyond all praise. Madame Hillen vocalized delightfully and Madame Chambon was as perfect in every respect as formerly, and was honoured by bouquets in profusion (an unusual compliment here), from the *habitues* of the boxes. *Le Mariage de Figaro* was given on Sunday. Le Cte Almaviva was played remarkably well by Mons. Roche, and the Figaro of Mons. Karl was excellent, the Suzanne of Madlle Victoria was charming, as was the Countess of Madame Derouet; in short this delightful comedy of Baumarchais reminded one of the days when Jones, Fawcett, Mrs. Bradshaw, and Mrs. Wood, played in the same piece at Covent Garden. Last evening *Le Barbier de Seville* was given. I insert the caste, as it will be interesting to many of your readers to see the whereabouts of their *Camarades*.

Almaviva	MM. Fleury.
Figaro	Flachat.
Bazile	St. Denis.
Bartholo	Berry.
Rosine	Mmes. Hillen.
Marceline.....	Jobey.

Fleury sings as well as ever, and shews his good taste in making his first appearance in a strange town, in the charac-

ter of the Count, the music of which is peculiarly adapted to his voice, and the applause after the opening air, plainly shewed the favourable impression he had made on the audience. Madame Hillen sang magnificently her share of the music of the opera, and introduced in the singing lesson an air from *La Gazza Ladra*, which was rapturously received. It is impossible to speak too highly of Mons. Flachat as Figaro; added to his talents as a musician, he is an excellent actor; indeed, I have seen nothing to surpass him—Ronconi excepted—since Tamburini in his best days. Basil and Bartolo were ably sustained by Messrs. St. Denis and Berry, and the chorus was correct and effective. The last act of the opera was omitted, which is usually the case in France (!!!). Mons. Guerin is most fortunate in having secured the services of so good a tenor *leger* as Fleury, and no doubt this expensive addition to his already excellent troupe will meet with a corresponding profit.

HARMONIC UNION.

The second concert of this new society took place on Thursday night, in Exeter Hall. The audience was much more numerous than on the first occasion, and the performance in general was more thoroughly appreciated. The unexpected introduction of Handel's "Dead March" from *Saul*, which preceded the entertainments of the evening, was explained by the following notice:—

"On account of the sudden decease of Mr. T. Harper, senior, the performance of this evening will commence with the 'Dead March' in *Saul*, as a tribute of respect to his memory."

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers of the merits and position of the deceased gentleman, who for nearly forty years was justly regarded as the best trumpet-player in this country, and held the first place during that long period at all the most important musical performances in the metropolis and the provinces. Lately, owing to decaying powers, Mr. Harper resigned his post to his eldest son, except at some few special concerts, where, though he ranked as first trumpet, it devolved upon Mr. T. Harper, jun., to play the solos and more difficult passages. With this understanding Mr. Harper resumed his old place at the concerts of the Harmonic Union; till Wednesday, at the rehearsal, seized with a sudden illness, he was conveyed to his residence, and expired almost immediately. Mr. Harper will be generally regretted; he had acquired his reputation by honourable industry, and coupled with it the respect of all his fellow-professors. He was, we believe, in his sixty-sixth year.

The programme of Thursday night consisted of a miscellaneous selection of vocal and instrumental pieces, exclusively secular, thus carrying out a second clause in the prospectus of the Harmonic Union. There was not one new composition, but, to make amends, there were two new solo performers. One of them, Mr. William Mason, was somewhat foolishly, we think, announced as "the first American pianist who had ever performed before an English audience,"—as if the bare fact of nationality, independent of actual merit, was a matter of any importance. Happily, Mr. Mason possesses talent; and though very young, already exhibits promise of excellence. He played the pianoforte part in Weber's *Concert Stück* with a great deal of spirit; so well, indeed, that we feel confident that he will play it still better when he has acquired a more perfect command of the instrument. It is in mechanism that Mr. Mason is deficient. This deficiency makes him nervous and uncertain, imparts unsteadiness to

his accentuation, and robs his passages of clearness. He has, nevertheless, a light and elastic touch, and evidently understands his author. At the conclusion of his performance, Mr. Mason was generously applauded by the audience; and it is to be hoped that so indulgent a reception will spur him on to increased exertion. He is the son of the well-known musical lecturer and critic, Mr. Lowel Mason, of New York, and has pursued his studies at Frankfort. The other new solo player was Herr Nabich, a member of the private band of the Duke of Saxe Weimar, who executed a "grand concerto" (so styled, although it was only a single movement) on the trombone, the composition of Herr David—of Leipsie, we presume—with orchestral accompaniments. So much has been said of this gentleman, that much more was expected of him than he achieved on this occasion. He is, however, a performer of unquestionable talent; and, in spite of a prevailing monotony of style, and an occasional flippancy of expression, he manages both to surprise and please—to surprise by his easy command of so cumbersome an instrument, by the clearness of his articulation, and the stamina of his lungs; to please by the mellowness of his tone and the extreme softness of his *piano*. In other points—that of *bravura* execution, for example—Herr Nabich did nothing to authorize us at present in comparing him with Signor Cioffi, who has shown himself so great an adept in that line. The "grand concerto" was greatly applauded, but an attempt to encore it was opposed. Nevertheless, Herr Nabich, pleased with the manner in which his talents had been appreciated, after the intervention of a vocal piece, volunteered to perform "A small solo of airs of *Lucia*"—as the gentleman of the committee who made the speech somewhat quaintly described it. This Herr Nabich accomplished, with much applause, although his first performance was beyond comparison the best.

Madame Fiorentini was set down for the grand *scena* of Agatha, in *Der Freischutz*, but, being "seriously indisposed," Mr. Benedict craved the indulgence of the audience, and requested that she might be allowed to substitute one of her popular Spanish airs. Whether the hearty applause she received on appearing in the orchestra suddenly eradicated her indisposition, we cannot undertake to say, but assuredly there was not the slightest trace of it in Madame Fiorentini's singing. So well pleased were the audience, that they unanimously summoned her to repeat the Spanish melody, to which, not being indisposed, she immediately consented. Mr. Henry Leslie's clever and brilliant overture, *The Templar*, erroneously described in the bills as "a new overture," with the charming duet from Spohr's *Jessonda*, "Fairest Maiden," for Madame Fiorentini and Mr. Benson, completed the second part of the programme, which, containing the only novelties, we have noticed first. Mr. Leslie's overture was performed at one of the concerts of the Amateur Musical Society, last summer, and was much and deservedly praised. On the present occasion, however, with a first-rate professional band, under a conductor of such experience and musical feeling as Mr. Benedict, it had a far better chance of being understood. The performance was really admirable, and must have satisfied the composer, as it pleased the audience, who testified their gratification in the most unequivocal manner.

The first part of the concert was devoted to the music which Beethoven composed for the masque of Kotzebue, entitled *The Ruins of Athens*, for the inauguration of the new theatre at Pesth, consisting of an overture, chorusses, duets, marches, and airs; the third part comprised the *First Wal-*

purgis Night of Mendelssohn. The history of Beethoven's music, so long lost in obscurity and so universally popular since its restoration to the light of day, the analysis of its plan, and the praise of that genius which could breathe life into such inert matter as Kotzebue's *Ruins of Athens*, do not require to be repeated. Nor is there anything new to be said of Mendelssohn's *cantata*, in which the genial influence of a truly poetical subject upon the ardent imagination of a musician was never more strikingly manifested. The description of the Druids and their interrupted sacrifices, the fantastic plan to frighten away their Roman enemies, its success, and the ultimate celebration of their orisons in peace, as set forth in Goethe's poem, has been given sufficiently often; while the music of Mendelssohn is happily as familiar to our audiences as it is strange to those of our nearest neighbours across the Channel, who are so proud of their imaginary supremacy in all that relates to the arts, and to music in particular. The performance of Thursday, both of Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's music, under the admirable guidance of Mr. Benedict, was, on the whole, highly creditable to the new society. The chorus of Dervishes, one of the wildest and most original inspirations of Beethoven, was encored, and deserved the compliment, since it was given with vigour, point, and clearness. The overture (the weakest of Beethoven's orchestral pieces), and the pompous march and chorus in E flat, were equally well executed. In the final chorus, "Hail, mighty Master," there was, however, much to desire; the sopranos were sadly out of tune, and the whole was perplexing and unsatisfactory. The vocal solos were sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Weiss. The duet of the Greek slaves, in G minor, and the air with chorus in C, "Deign, great Apollo," with its elaborate accompaniment of horns, are extremely difficult; the first is one of the most beautiful, the last one of the most original, pieces in the *Ruins of Athens*. Both were carefully sung, and the last as well accompanied as was possible, in the absence of the two best horn players of the society. In the *Walpurgis Night* the vocal solos were sustained by Miss Huddart (a niece of the well-known actress, Mrs. Warner), Mr. Benson, and Mr. Weiss. The *contralto* solo of the old woman, "Know ye not, a deed so daring," is just suited to Miss Huddart, whose voice, admired two years ago (at the London Wednesday Concerts) for its depth and rare quality, is beginning to be brought more under the command of its owner. With such natural means, it will be Miss Huddart's own fault if she does not attain rank in her profession. The tenor solos in the *Walpurgis Night* are not easy, and Mr. Benson deserves credit for the pains he takes to render them effective. A little more variety of tone, judiciously introduced, would place Mr. Weiss's execution of the music of the Arch-Druid—the foremost personage in the story—beyond reproach; his voice is admirably well suited to the measured strains in which Mendelssohn has solemnized the Druidical aspirations. With the proviso that the whole of "Disperse, disperse," and the opening of "Come with torches," were too loud, there is little but praise to bestow upon the chorusses. Why the delicate distinctions of light and shade are rarely attained by our choral and instrumental bands, in all other particulars so apt and ready, it would be difficult to explain. Mr. Benedict's conducting, both of the *Walpurgis Night* and the *Ruins of Athens*, betrayed as close an acquaintance with the details of the scores as with the separate characteristics of the music of the two masters, in all respects so different. Although more than usually interesting and varied, the programme was not long, the con-

cert terminating before eleven o'clock—a rule to which it would be advisable in future to adhere as much as possible.

In the selection of programmes for the secular miscellaneous concerts of the Harmonic Union, it will be advisable in future (the plan of their undertaking considered) to avoid introducing solos, either for voices or for instruments, of a light and trifling character. The prevalence of these small matters leads to the encore system, and if this be encouraged the character of the concerts will soon deteriorate. We take the directors at their word—that they wish to refine the taste of their audiences. Let them, then, bear in mind how easy it is to spoil the best-disposed public in the world by the force of bad example. It would, indeed, be a pity if a society, formed upon such a basis as that described in the prospectus of the Harmonic Union, should, by frequent appeals to the lower order of musical taste, degenerate, however insensibly, into something infinitely below the model designed by its projectors.—*Times*.

THE PRESS AND THE PLAY.

(From *Punch*)

Our clever comedian and manager, Mr. Charles Matthews, has an old-standing quarrel with the writer of the theatrical criticisms in the *Morning Chronicle*. He considers that gentleman has criticised unfairly certain pieces produced at the Lyceum Theatre. Irritated at this, Mr. Charles Matthews (to use his own words) "deprived the paper of its privilege of writing two orders nightly to the theatre."

The proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle*, although thus deprived of their "privilege" of writing orders, manage somehow to pay for the admission of their critic to the theatre. He continues to write criticisms, none the more sympathetic or hearty probably, for the previous passages between him and Mr. Charles Matthews.

Boxing night comes, and with it the Christmas pieces. Pre-eminent among them, as usual, for the brilliancy of its scenery, the taste of its dresses, and the propriety and splendour of its *mise en scène*, comes *The Good Woman in the Wood*, at the Lyceum. The critic of the *Morning Chronicle* writes a notice of it, which, after calling the piece "cold and heavy" (which it is), goes on to describe the scenery as "faded and dingy," (which it is not.) Mr. Charles Matthews reprints this notice conspicuously in his play-bills, prefixing to it an account of the previous passages of arms between himself and the *Morning Chronicle*, in which he names the obnoxious critic, says he has thrown off "the character of an anonymous enemy," calls him "a writer of calumnies," hints that he has no friends, and insinuates that he is not likely to pay for admission to the Lyceum Theatre. If this were a mere quarrel between a manager and a dramatic critic, it would ill become *Punch* to come between them, especially as he has not any personal sympathy with either of the combatants. But the public, as well as the managers and the press, are all really concerned in the matter; and it is as their friend and adviser that *Mr. Punch* intrudes into the quarrel, with a few words of comment and suggestion.

It seems to him that the mischievous and much-abused system of newspaper orders is at the bottom of this discreditable "Appeal to the Public," about the folly and bad taste of which there can only be one opinion. Mr. Matthews seems to have been entirely led astray by the system. He regards the writing of these orders as "a privilege," subjecting the unfortunate critics of the newspapers who receive them to the duty of praising what they see.

But this is simply ridiculous. There are newspapers, no doubt, to which the nightly orders are a means of propitiating advertisers—and this, we apprehend, is the only use, besides that of occasionally obliging friends or acquaintances, to which this "privilege" is ever put. In this sense the "privilege" is neither more nor less than the most insignificant and dirty form of a bribe conceivable.

But if newspaper proprietors are mean enough to accept such bribes, it is very important that the public should be guarded,

or at least warned, against the consequences, if the "privilege" of the proprietors is to involve the praise of the critic. Mr. Charles Matthews can hardly have weighed this consequence. If only critics who praise are to be privileged, what becomes of the value of criticism? How can you expect the public to swallow Mr. Flashy's sugary puffs for independent judgments, after yourself telling us that you regard Mr. Flashy as "privileged" only for the purpose of concocting these unwholesome articles?

And what do you think of the critics, Mr. Matthews? Are they, as a whole, the style of men to be cajoled into saying what they *don't* think by a nightly order, or to be deterred from saying what they *do* think by the threat of not being allowed to come into your theatre for nothing, or even by that still more awful one of not being allowed to pay for admission?

Is it such a privilege to be admitted, even for nothing, to your theatre, that I am to sacrifice my eyes, ears, taste, and judgment for it? Am I to be thought so stage-ridden, so enamoured of your own unquestionable powers as an actor, or Mr. Beverley's beautiful scenery, that I will write what I don't think, lest, for telling unpleasant truths, I should be compelled to pay admission-money at your doors?

Is it I who am so poor a creature as this, or is it my proprietor? Is your privilege a bait to me, or to him? It would be well the Public should be enabled to answer the question, that it may know what its Press is. We say nothing in all this of the particular offence out of which the appeal of Mr. Matthews has arisen. Mr. Matthews is, probably, as much ashamed of it by this time as his friends are. But the reason of it is the important matter. That reason is in the newspaper order system; and the remedy for such things is to abandon that system. Managers are too great cowards to do it, though they groan under it. The best part of the Press can, and ought, to break it down for the sake of their independence, which is incompatible with the order-system as interpreted by Mr. Charles Matthews and other managers who might be mentioned.

Let all the respectable journals, daily and weekly, combine to renounce the "privilege" of writing orders, and let them signify as much to the managers. When the respectable journals have once done this, managers will perhaps better appreciate the value of a "privilege" which only the strugglers, sharpers, and outsiders—the smallest of the small newspaper fry—will condescend to accept.

The public should press this, as far as it can, for it is interested in having criticisms which are in no way influenced by the advertising profits of newspaper proprietors, or by the temptation of free admissions to the critic, if there be a critic susceptible of such temptation. Managers of theatres should press it, to rid themselves of a nightly influx of non-paying, and by no means ornamental visitors to their upper boxes, and to put themselves beyond temptation to commit such an egregious act of bad taste as Mr. Charles Matthews has been guilty of.

And the critics are, more than all, interested in getting rid of this "privilege;" for they would thus recover that proud right of finding fault which no man can exercise freely and fully unless he has paid his money; and which has, unfortunately, been all but utterly renounced by our theatrical Rhadamanthuses. How one longs for a dash of good wholesome bitters now and then, in the eternal dribble of mawkish, sugar-and-watery commonplace, which is called theatrical criticism!

Our ancestors had energy to damn pieces they didn't like. We have not vigour to damn anything now, and the worst of it is that the rapid tolerance of the Press has invaded the pit. People who can't stand twaddle, or coarseness, or flatness, stay away from the theatre. If they go, they see these offences tolerated so meekly and uncomplainingly, that they go away with an impression that theatre-goers are not as other men are—that their standards of taste are different—that they have learnt to see with other eyes, to hear with other ears; and this is true in a great measure, and mainly for want of a reasonable amount of honest, truth-seeing, truth-speaking criticism of actors and pieces.

And just as the sense of his "privilege" may cripple the critic, so it must deaden and kill the audience. Do you think that there is any comparison between the advertiser in the upper boxes—admitted by order—and the public in the pit who have paid their

money? How should the former be very anxious about the quality of a thing which costs him nothing—or very free in his judgment of that which he is admitted to see as a favour?

We should apologise for the length of this paper—but it really is worth while to speak some truth on the subject of the theatre, because it is an amusement, the love of which is born with us, because it is an art illustrated by a Shakspeare, because its arena has been trodden by Betterton, and Kemble, and Siddons, and Kean, and because it is a haunt of the people, which might be at once their academy of taste, their school of manners, their lecture-room and music-hall, and their gallery of painting and sculpture.

Mr. Punch feels a double sympathy: as a street performer, with the managers; as a journalist, with the critics. He considers himself, therefore, to stand in a favourable position to tell both certain truths, which have long needed telling, and which Mr. Albert Smith has been the first public exhibitor bold enough to avow, in a letter in which he announces to newspaper proprietors his intention of abolishing altogether the "privilege" of writing orders to his entertainment of Mont Blanc. Managers, the public, newspaper proprietors, and critics, should be alike obliged to Mr. Albert Smith, for he has done good service to all worthy members of these classes, in thus making the first attack on a degrading, misleading, much-abused, and in every way mischievous stem.

TALES OF THE STAGE.

(Continued from page 32.)

WRITTEN BY AUNT ANNE.

DURING the first eighteen years of his life, poor William Thompson had a sorry time of it. At length it happened that the heir who was to be a gentleman left the paternal roof to travel, "see Lunnion and other furrin parts." Some months after Hopeful's departure, the old farmer learnt that the ambitious youth, after squandering away more of his father's substance than years of industry could supply, had finished by marrying a French woman, for whose debts he was at present acquiring the true Parisian accent in a French prison, from whence he despatched a pathetic appeal to his father for relief. The poor old man, ignoring all his foreign antipathies, instantly set off for France, to release and reclaim in person his Prodigal Son. Unhappily, however, the vessel in which he had embarked was wrecked, and old John Thompson, with every soul on board, perished. This intelligence, which deeply afflicted the heart of the grateful drudge, brought his affairs to a crisis, for the two remaining sons, without making any effort for their elder brother's release from prison, only varied their self-constituted heirship, by inflicting on their old father's protégé every possible species of aggression. In sheer self-defence, therefore, the poor lad proceeded to pack up his conveniently small wardrobe, and with one golden guinea, and a few shillings in his pocket, turned his back on the "scenes of his youth," and set off on foot to seek his fortune, in pursuance of which, his destiny, as he himself affirmed, led him to the town where we were then performing, and which he entered on the memorable night of Miss Plantagenet Jones's benefit.

The announcement of this great event, in placards of every size, shape, and colour, attracted his attention, and determined him, as he had never seen a play in his life, to invest one of his shillings in the indulgence of his curiosity.

Up to this point, Mr. Thompson's narration had progressed with tolerable succinctness, but from the moment of his first inhalation of the magic atmosphere of the theatre, the narrator's impressions became, as it seemed, so completely obfuscated, obscured, or dazzled, I know not which, by the strange and bright visions which dawned upon his bewildered senses, that the only clearly defined point on which his mind seemed capable of anchoring, was the image of the "Maid of the Glen," whom he described as a vision hovering between the song of "Sweet Mary of the Vale," and an angel without wings beckoning him on to glory.

During his subsequent visits to the theatre, made under an impulse which he found it impossible to resist, he determined to obey,

what he considered to be the call of destiny, and investing his solitary guinea in the purchase of some second-hand garment, whose taste and style he fondly believed would procure him the entrance to any salon in Europe, he one day, during my starring engagement, presented himself in the eccentric garb I had before described, to our manager, and requested an engagement in the especial line of lover-general to the "Maid of the Glen." To this demand the manager, after asking him a sufficient number of questions to assure himself that his uncouth visitor had not recently escaped from a lunatic asylum; and speculating on the value of such a well-grown supernumerary, determined to engage him at half the usual stipend in the everybody line, with a prospective view to comic country boys played with a real dialect.

The circumstances of Mr. William Thompson's career, detailed in a plaintive tone, and with a rueful air, which touched many a sympathetic chord in the memory of my own early experiences, determined me to patronise the desolate aspirant, a resolution which I put in force by offering what assistance I could give, in reducing his patois to such a degree of intelligibility, as would enable him to take that first grand step in his profession, namely, to deliver a message. To these offers he acceded with such grateful humility I began to take quite an interest in the poor clown, and moreover, beguiled Mrs. Martin out of a great deal of sympathy, and Mr. Martin out of some old clothes, by recital of my protégé's history.

In this favourable state of things, it was not long before Mr. Thompson beheld, with a rapture edifying to witness, his own name in the bill for a third robber; but when he was entrusted with a part of a second murderer, with an entire line to speak, and a fearful deed to execute, his delight knew no bounds. What words he had to speak, I had drilled on to his tongue in perfectly pure English, and when delivered with a truly ferocious appropriate action, went off brilliantly.

From that propitious night—"Bacon Bill" (as he had been irreverently called) became "Bill Thompson," and, as he progressed in public favour, and private estimation, "Thompson, my boy," a soubriquet only bestowed by the profession upon those fortunate individuals who can lay claim to an equal standing with themselves.

It soon became evident that "Thompson, my boy," was no fool; and when by dint of association, practice, and a wonderful faculty for imitation, he overcame his country gait and dialect, he enacted several little parts with decided ability and success.

My poor hero's wardrobe kept pace with his other improvements, and when during the ensuing six months we made the circuit of several towns, Mr. William Thompson grew rapidly into general favour. 'Tis true he had yet to acquire that peculiar swagger which is an actor's idea of gentlemanly bearing; yet his manly form, honest and really handsome face, and ever good-humoured smile, prepossessed every one so warmly in his favour, that many deficiencies were overlooked, and many short-comings pardoned.

With the Prompter, in particular "Thompson, my boy," was an especial favourite. This most impracticable, and much-abused person, who is compelled to bear the sins of every one, not forgetting his own, with no other relief to his much harassed feelings, than in exercising on such victims as he could safely coerce the small tyrannies he was compelled to bear from other sources, this professionally savage person then was, in addition to his other subjects of irritation, a martyr to the gout, and when he found he could by no means crush the good-tempered novice into abject misery by his ill-nature, he condescended to accept small services from him, which grew into actual blessings with the increase of his malady, when the quick-witted and kind-hearted fellow readily acquired and cheerfully performed his really onerous duties for him.

Thus, in little more than a twelvemonth after Mr. William Thompson's accession to our company, he became a not only useful, but really important member of it; and no small credit did I take to myself for the share my own extensive patronage had in developing this gentleman's talents. How far my protégé himself appreciated my exertions in his cause, I leave the reader to determine, by affording him a peep behind the scenes of "The House at Home," as well as abroad.

It was such a lovely Saturday afternoon, as that on which

fourteen months before I had encountered Mr. William Thompson swinging on what he was pleased to term "a geat," that I strolled down a shady lane in company with that identical gentleman.

In country theatres, Saturday was, at that time, a non-play night, of which holiday the company generally availed themselves by knocking up some little party of pleasure, when the light-hearted beings laughed, sang, and danced, as joyously as if they were being paid for their exertions, or there were no such thing in the world as toil for the morrow, or an uncertain future for ever before them.

On that particular Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Martin entertained a small select tea-party, where, as the mirth was expected rather to consist in "the feast of reason," than "the flow of the soul," or in other words, the company invited were somewhat slow, they expressed their kind desire that I should consider myself independent of the sober party. "Take a walk in the fields, Annie dear," said Mrs. Martin; "you look pale, child, and the air will do you good; and here's William, who, I declare, is as mumechance as if for once in his life he was thinking and looking very much as if it would do him good too. Don't you think so, Mr. Martin?" To which appeal, her worthy husband raised his eyes dreamily from his book, and, elevating his hands, replied in a sonorous tone, "Bless you, my children," a speech merely suggested by the sight of two young people together, which, by an association of ideas acting upon a very absent mind, always reminded him of a stage finale, and the customary benediction.

Escaping somewhat hastily from our old friends rather embarrassing valediction, we set off for our walk; and though our conversation was not at first very animated, yet it became particularly interesting to us both, as it referred to a subject which had lately been often discussed between us, namely, a singular promise my poor mother, on her death-bed, had exacted from me, never to marry any theatrical person under the rank of stage-manager.

"But surely, Annie, darling," said poor William, in the course of the aforesaid interesting discussion, and halting at a spot where the trees meeting overhead invited us so distinctly to seat ourselves beneath their shade, that the thing was irresistible; "Surely, Annie, when your mother extorted from you such a promise, she did not mean to exclude all actors, or professional men generally, except such as held that particular office. Remember, Annie, there are many actors in London, who I am told earn twice as much as our stage-manager, even though he gets three pounds a week, and a clear benefit. 'I don't think it was the amount of salary, Willie,' I replied, 'that my mother considered, so much as the position which a stage-manager's wife occupies. You remember, dear, how much we have both suffered from the tyranny of Mr. Savage, and that all stage-managers are bound to be tyrants, more or less, even as the sparks fly upwards.'"

"And, what, pray Annie, could your mother think was so particularly desirable in being the wife of a petty tyrant?" "Oh! not that William," I replied, a little foolishly, "but my poor mother had led such a life of it herself, in a subordinate position, that she exacted a promise from me, in the hope (poor soul!) to guard me from the miseries under which she herself had writhed." After a pause, I added, "You know, Willie, it is not very likely, that I, a poor country actress, should ever get a chance of settling well, as the phrase goes, off the stage; is it so very presumptuous in me, therefore, to hope that I may one day marry a man whose position would shield me from some of its evils—on it?" "Presumptuous Annie," replied William warmly, "I don't know any manager, or indeed, any one else, half good enough for you; certainly not a poor clown like me; yet, oh, Annie, I do love you so dearly, you are the very star of my life and the light of my heart, I think. Ann, dear, darling Ann, would not a prompter do? Just for the present you know, till I had more experience, I am quite sure I should get such a situation for—" "Hush, William," I interrupted, "we are both too young to think of marrying yet; you have my promise, and with that you must be content," and so must my readers, for I have no intention of inflicting upon them any more of a scene which must be, like all other love scenes, entirely uninteresting to every one except the parties immediately concerned.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN SCRAPS.

PARIS.—*Don Giovanni* seems to have been a hurried and unfinished performance at the Italiens. This is a pity, since the French have never yet understood this great work; and its failure, on account of the unequal performance, may prevent the repetition of it.

Fiorentini, the intelligent, witty *feuilletoniste* of the *Constitutionnel*, gives the most exact statement of the difficulty which attends the getting access (for love or money) to the concerts of the Conservatoire at Paris, by mentioning the fact of a distinguished foreign amateur coming to Paris, on purpose to assist at the first of these concerts, receiving, in answer to his demand for admission, the consoling answer (from an influential member of the society) that his request would certainly be attended to, and that in about twenty-four years' time he might make sure of a ticket. The fact is, all the subscription is always full—no more tickets are sold after that; and the only chance of getting admission is by one of the subscribers giving up his ticket. We shall attentively watch the programme of these concerts, and hope that their former neglect of Mendelssohn's symphonies will be amply atoned for by a frequent performance of them now.

Madlle. Clauss has had an immense success at Paris, where she gave a concert, on the 11th, at the Salle Herz. All the press, musicians, and amateurs agree in the most unqualified praise of this youthful and captivating artiste. Fiorentini calls her the "spirit of music incarnate," and will have it that she plays Listz's "Paineurs" like Listz himself, which would seem incredible, if we had not had proofs of her decided talent, of her brilliant execution, and, more than all, of her beautiful touch and tone; and the expressive reading which characterises the playing of the charming little, ever-smiling Wilhelmina Clauss, who, by the way, is not going to Russia, as announced, but intends soon to be in London, after a second concert, which she will give at Paris.

The Berlin orchestra which performs at the Salle Herz, under the direction of M. V. Elbel, gains great applause for the precision and *aplomb* with which they execute overtures, symphonies, and valses.

M. OBERTHUR AT PARIS.—This excellent artist, both as virtuoso on the harp, and as a composer, has made his entrée into the Parisian "*monde musicale*," with all the success his eminent talent merits. His first public appearance at the concert of Madlle. Clauss established his reputation at once, and bursts of the most enthusiastic applause frequently interrupted his performance. M. Oberthur has performed at almost all the brilliant soirées given by the "*haute monde*" of the new empire.

At Weimar used to be one side of the theatre called the "noble side." No one but a nobleman or officer (the rank of officer being equal to noble birth) were allowed to take their seats there. "All "Burgers," however rich or aspiring, were studiously and forcibly kept away from this "*sanctum sanctorum*" of silly pride of caste. Since the revolution, however, the law has been abolished, but not the awe with which the untitled regard that side, whither they do not venture, notwithstanding the permission now, fearing the sneers and those thousand indescribable slights which unreasonable prejudice would treat them with.

MARIA DORIA.—This celebrated cantatrice, who sings with the same facility soprano and contralto parts, having an immense compass of voice, will appear, for the first time, at Mr. Allcroft's concert. Maria Doria is, we believe, a Hungarian by birth, and was prima-donna at the theatre at Pesth,

Milan, &c. She sang lately, at Brussels, "*la Norma*" twelve consecutive nights. Report speaks very high of her talent, the power and fulness of her notes, and the passion and dramatic intensity of her delivery.

Original Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Our mode of expressing the pitch of notes—apart from the staff and clefs—is exceedingly clumsy and inconvenient: we use various terms which have no relation to each other, such as Gamut G, Fiddle G, Tenor C, Alt, Altissimo, &c.

The German tablature is a vast improvement, but still complex, and wanting in unity of plan.

In proposing any new plan or improvement, I am aware of the difficulty which exists in having no means of giving it sufficient authority for general adoption; and I regret that some comprehensive association of musicians cannot be formed, such as I proposed in No. 39, Vol. 25, of the *Musical World*, which would be of great advantage to the musical profession generally, and the means of giving almost the force of law to any improvements, of which many might be suggested, in various matters connected with music.

Notwithstanding the difficulty I have thus glanced at, I beg, through your columns, to suggest a plan which will, I think, be found sufficiently systematic and comprehensive for general adoption.

I propose that the scale should be divided into two parts—grave and acute, that middle C should form the division, and become the standard note from which the pitch of all notes should be reckoned, both upwards and downwards, and that in reckoning the downward or grave portion of the scale, capital letters should be used—a capital letter, with one dash *under* for the first octave* below middle C; two dashes under, for the second octave below; three dashes for the third, and so on—the number of dashes denoting whether the note is in the first, second, or third octave below; thus, if it is required to express the first G below middle C (that is, Fiddle G), it would be necessary to write a capital G with one dash under, thus, G; if the second G below (Gamut G), it would be necessary to write a capital G with two dashes under, thus, G; if the third G below, with three dashes under, thus, G, and so on to any extent.

In expressing the notes above middle C, I propose to use small letters—in contradistinction to the capitals for the lower, or grave notes—so that the c above middle C would be expressed by a small c with one dash *over*, thus, c; the second c above middle C by a c with two dashes over, thus, c; and so on to any extent.

Or, when it might be more convenient, instead of using the dashes, the notes might be represented by figures under or over the letters, or by using one, two, three, or more letters, the principle being the same, to denote whether the note belonged to the first, second, or third octave, above or below; so that the second G below middle C would be represented thus, G₂ or thus, G G; the second c above middle would be represented thus, c₂ or thus, c c.

In oral communication it would be more convenient to use the term "great," to express the lower, or grave, portion of the scale, as "great," "double great," "double double (or treble) great," "quadruple great," &c. &c. For instance, the C below middle C would be called "great C;" the second C below would be "double great C;" the third C below would be "double double (a treble) great," and so on.

The upper or acute portion would be expressed by the term "small,"—as "small," "double small," "double double (a treble)

* I use the term octave instead of septenary—which would be the more correct term—because it is the universal custom, and for this reason better understood.

small," "quadruple small," &c. Thus, the first C above middle C would be "small c," the second c above would be "double small c," and so on.

The apparent contradiction in the terms "double" or "quadruple small," &c., may possibly be objected to, but I cannot see that the objection will have any force.

It will, I think, be better to use the term "double double" instead of "treble," to prevent confusion with the clef of that name.

There is another mode for oral communication, which I think will be preferred, namely, to use the terms "great" and "small" only, with the prefix, first, second, third, and so on—as first great G, second great G, third great G; representing respectively the first, second, and third G's *below* middle C. And for the upper portion, the terms should be—first, small g; second, small g; third, small g—meaning the first, second, and third g's *above* middle C; and in the same way for all the other notes.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

EDWARD DEARLE.

Newark, January 13th, 1853.

ETHERINGTON'S "CONCERT D'HIVER."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In last week's *Musical World*, I see a most inconsistent and unjust report of my last Concert. Allow me to contradict some of the boldest of the assertions. I feel sure you will grant me this justice. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

J. WM. ETHERINGTON.

1st. It is stated, "Miss Dolby was encored in all her songs."

Miss Dolby was *not* encored in the ballad "Sunshine of our home."

2nd. "The string instruments were the best that could be procured; but the wind instruments were execrable."

The string instruments were *not* the best that could be procured; and the wind instruments had in their ranks Messrs. Grattan Cooke, Bergmann, W. Phillips, Vimeux, &c. The first of these requires no recommendation; but as the others are not well known, allow me to say that Mr. Bergmann was one of Jullien's band, Mr. Phillips is the principal Cornet in the Coldstream band, and one of the very best English Cornopeists, and M. Vimeux is one of the best Trombone performers.

3rd. "The whole of the instrumental music was, therefore, entirely spoiled by the wind instruments."

The Wedding March, Overture to William Tell, and the selection from Der Freyschutz, were decidedly *well* played.

4th. "The same things appeared that were played at the first concert."

With the exception of a set of waltzes, performed at the first concert, but not inserted in that programme, no piece was repeated at the last concert that was played at the first.

5th. "The room was crowded in all parts."

About 60 stalls, 150 unreserved, and 100 back seats, were vacant.

Here are five *direct misstatements* in 36 lines, besides a most unjust report, which states that it is hoped at the next concert there will be artists worthy to play by the side of the well-known names of Kreutzer, Lutzen, Browne, and W. Phillips. Now, W. Phillips is one of the wind performers which, in a few lines above, are pronounced as execrable; and the name of W. Blagrove left out altogether. This conscientious critique also states—"Moreover, the programme was badly selected, and too long."

The concert commenced at twenty minutes to 8, and concluded at ten minutes past 10; during which time there was a reprieve of full ten minutes. And works from the following composers performed:—G. A. Macfarren, Meyerbeer, Weber, Crevelli, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Beethoven, with various lighter music.

And, "Had any true lover of music been near, to have heard the dreadful slaughtering of the Overture and Scherzo from the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' by the wind instruments, he would have gone frantic."

Allow me to say that the author of this conscientious critique was, in his own opinion, the only true lover and judge of music in the room; and evidently went frantic in consequence of the success of the concert, and, in a fit of delirium tremens, committed his foolish thoughts to paper, with the hope of seeing them in print for the first time.—We trust they met his approbation.

[It is evident that our correspondent at Richmond went a little too far in his strictures; nevertheless, we have reason to believe that in the main he was right, and, had he been more correct and more logical, would have left no loop to hang a confutation on. That he is an enemy to Mr. Etherington is entirely supposititious.—Ed. M. W.]

Reviews of Music.

"NON PIU MESTA—Air from Rossini's CENERENTOLA; with Variations. By CARLO MINASI. Jewell and Letchford.

As a piece for juvenile practice—for which it was intended—this is very well; the variations are happy and well contrasted, and the fingers are advantageously employed. Nevertheless, Mr. Carlo Minasi has treated the exquisite rondo of Rossini ferociously, heedless how he sacrificed melody, form, rhythm, and cadence. We remember some years ago, when the *Donna del Lago* was first or second brought out, some monster in human corporeity, calling himself musical, took the famous air, "O, mattutini albori," and having, to the best of his ability, squeezed all the beauty out of it, set it to certain euphonious and piscatory appealing verses, commencing, "Oysters, oysters, sir, says he." Now, Mr. Carlo Minasi has not been guilty to so flagrant an extent as the setter of the "oysters;" for, though he has curtailed, and docked, and otherwise impoverished the glorious aria of the *Cenerentola*, what he has left, he has left properly. No doubt Mr. Carlo Minasi was desirous of rendering the air as simple as possible; and in this he certainly has succeeded since he has stripped the "Non piu Mesta" entirely of all its leaves and flowers, and left it naked to the touch of all pianists.

Of the variations, we like the one in march time, and the last one, best. Indeed, independent of the fault pointed out above, we see nothing in the piece which prevents us from recommending it as a study for beginners.

"THEY TELL ME THY HEART IS ANOTHER'S." Ballad. Written by ROBERT RHODES REED. Composed by CARLO MINASI.

"THE POPLAR TREE." Ballad. Ditto, ditto. C. Jefferys. The first of these two ballads is very expressive and pleasing, and eminently vocal. In the last-named quality—an especial merit in a song writer—Mr. Carlo Minasi cannot be too highly praised. He knows the capabilities of average voices, and writes so that all who read may sing. "They tell me thy heart is another's" is one of the author's most happy vocal effusions. Mr. Robert Rhodes Reed's lines are more eligible than original, less striking than intensitive, and more amatory than fraternal. Nobody can mistake what Mr. R. R. R. means. In addition, there is presented to the purchaser a lithograph of a full-length disconsolate gentleman, attended by two eager greyhounds, with his elbow pight on a pedestal, supporting a large urn, covered with flowers, and his head leans on his hand. At the foot of the pedestal, turned backwise, is seated a young lady, with low body and short sleeves, having her bonnet—it is a solecism in costume, mark you, to combine full dress and a bonnet—hanging carelessly in front of her, looking—to make use of an Irish simile, more significant than refined—like a dog at his father's wake, neither sorry nor glad. The lithograph is a good one, and reflects credit on the pencilling of Mr. F. Walker.

"THE POPLAR TREE" is hardly so much to our taste as the preceding, being more commonly treated, and less tuneful. It has the recommendation to some of having a chorus appended, which is well written for the voice, and may be received as a good after-dinner song, when company is merry and inclined to vocal combination. Although evidently suggested by "The brave old oak," Mr. Robert Rhodes Reed's verses are highly poetical and harmonious. Better lyric verses we have not perused for some time.

"PRAY FOR ME, GABRIELLE." Song. Words and Music by ERNEST REINHOLD. T. Boosey and Co.

This song, whatever its other merits, is written with such earnestness as evidently to have originated in some real incident. Both words and tune have an air of truthfulness, which must be perceptible to every but the dullest comprehension. The subject is more expressive than flowing or melodious, and the harmonies are without any pretension. The simplest fingers can master the arrangement.

"THE STARLIGHT SCHOTTISCHE." Z. T. Purday.

This is so pretty a schottische, and so new and characteristic withal, that we are at a loss to discover why the author has withheld his name. We counsel the author to affix his nomenclature forthwith to the "Starlight Schottische," whereby he will render himself a star among writers of schottisches, and throw a light upon his reputation, which now is shrouded in schottische mystery. Let him declare himself, and compose another schottische.

"THE GARTER WALTZ." By T. W. NAUMAN. G. Dix and Co.

To begin from the beginning—the frontispiece—"The Garter Waltz" is provided with a very elegant title-page, and highly desirable to such as desire to see the true form and workmanship, not to say material, of the celebrated insignia of honour, the Garter, for which princes, dukes, marquises, and earls so often sigh in verse. "The Garter Waltz" is divided into an introduction, *tempo Marcia*, three changes, and a finale. The theme is at once taken up by the ear, and is very pleasing and melodious, if not bold or brilliant. The waltz is in every way commendable, and cannot disappoint any one.

Provincial.

LIVERPOOL.—MR. E. W. THOMAS'S CONCERTS.—MR. E. W. Thomas concluded his series of classical chamber concerts on Friday evening, the 7th instant, with a brilliant display of piano-forte playing by Mr. Sterndale Bennett, a fine quartett by Beethoven, and a new quartett by Charles E. Hindley, &c., to commence on Monday last, a new series of concerts, *a la Jullien*, every night for a month, in the Philharmonic Hall, at a shilling admission, a first-rate band of fifty performers, and music of all classes to suit all tastes. And if he has not a Koenig, a Lavigne, or a Prospero, for the cornet, oboe, and ophicleide, he has Lazarus, the finest player on the clarinet in Europe—Lidel, a master on the violoncello—Baetens, on the viola—and himself on the violin. Including Mr. Streather on the harp, the favourite pupil of Parish Alvars—while Mr. Percival is as good on the flute as any that Jullien can produce—the whole band working with equal precision—the finest music hall in the world—and all this for a shilling! All we can say is, that if the Liverpool public will not do justice to the attempt to provide them with the highest musical gratification at the lowest price, they will never deserve to have any exertion made for them again. The sight of the hall lighted up, is alone worth the money. We fear it is a bad time to commence such a formidable undertaking, not only on account of the most distressingly wet weather, but on account of the number of private parties which are being given during the Christmas holidays. But this is the period selected by the theatres for producing their pantomimes at great expense; and we can only hope that the same good genius that generally provides remunerative audiences for Clown and Pantaloon will also preside over the success of this spirited attempt at producing good music for the thousands of Liverpool, and that it will pay as well as "a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick." More publicity of the precise intentions of the projector of these concerts would have given a better chance for audiences this week, and afforded more appearance of encouragement to the performers; not that, by their performance, they appeared to need it, but we all know the enthusiasm produced by success, and the greater triumphs to which it leads, or for which it prepares; and we hope we shall be able to record a fuller

attendance next week, for they want nothing else to make them perfectly first-class instrumental concerts. And only a shilling! Go. Madame D'Antery is a mistake, as well as the music she sings. The latter can and should be remedied; and above all things, due notice of the subjects to be performed should be given that the Liverpool public may know what they lose by staying away.—*Liverpool Mail*.

MAIDSTONE.—LECTURE ON THOMAS HOOD.—The genius, character, and compositions of Hood seems to us peculiarly well adapted to convey instruction as well as entertainment to the public, in the hands of a lecturer of competent talent; and there can be no question that the committee of the Maidstone Literary and Mechanics' Institution have selected such a one in Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke—himself an able poet and proseman, long personally familiar with Hood, and recognised as an old and intimate friend by most of Hood's friendly contemporaries, John Keats, Leigh Hunt, William Haalitt, and a number of other men who have toiled and struggled up to fame. Mr. Charles Clarke's lecture was delivered on Tuesday evening, when the wit and wisdom, the humour and pathos, and the mental and moral character of Hood were brought under review. —Mr. H. Russell gave an entertainment of a novel character, at the Corn Exchange, in this town, on Thursday. Independently of the vocal and musical attractions for which Mr. Russell's *soirées* have been known, on this occasion he gave us scenic illustrations, with oral anecdotes and narratives of "An emigrant's progress from the old world to the new," and graphic "Sketches of negro life, in freedom and in slavery." Such a programme, coupled with the knowledge of Mr. Russell's ability, to realise the expectations he creates, could scarcely fail to procure a large attendance.—The second concert for the season of the Literary and Mechanics' Institution, took place on Friday evening last, at the Corn Exchange. The programme embraced the first act of Rossini's *Semiramide*, followed by a selection from the compositions of Horsley, Lover, Benedict, Dolby, the Earl of Mornington, and others. The principal singers were Miss R. De Courtenay. Miss L. Watson, Miss Tolmé, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Evans, and Mr. G. Le Jeune, A. R. A. Music; piano forte, Mr. C. Le Jeune; violin, Mr. J. Le Jeune. There was no lack of attractive materials, though perhaps we may venture to hint that a less ambitious performance than the *Semiramide*, might have possessed equal or greater charms for a mixed audience, who have still, to a great extent, a high musical taste to cultivate and a critical judgment to form. The large room was crowded; several of the pieces were encored, and considerable applause bestowed upon the singers and instrumental performers.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

DUBLIN.—We understand that the committee of the Philharmonic Society have succeeded in securing the exclusive services of the following distinguished artists for their concert on the 7th of February:—Vocal—Madame Fiorentini, from the Royal Italian Opera; Mrs. Harper, from the Royal Academy of Music; Miss Alleyne and Mr. Weis, from the London concerts. Instrumental—Pianoforte, Madame Pleyell, who will perform Mendelssohn's concerto, with orchestral accompaniments, together with other popular solos. And that the following instrumental compositions will be performed:—*Sinfonia* in D, Beethoven; overture, *Zauberflöte*, Mozart; overture *Les Lac des Fées*, Auber.

Miscellaneous.

JULLIEN IN DUBLIN.—(From the *Freeman's Journal*.)—Within the experience of the oldest frequenter of public places of amusement, perhaps there has been nothing wherein the word crowded could with more propriety be applied, than to Mons. Jullien's concert on last evening, at the Rotunda. Not only the Round Room, Pillar Room, and the other rooms adjacent, but every passage leading to them, were actually filled to suffocation. However, any inconvenience which might have been felt, was more than a thousand times counteracted by the fascinating music performed on the occasion. It would almost appear that the wonderful resources in music possessed by Mons. Jullien are inexhaustible when we consider the universality of his compositions in every department of music. The general appreciation of his genius, and its entire familiarity with all, yet possessing a never ending amount

of attraction to supply every requirement for every exigency, and for every occasion where taste for harmony has an existence, or where genius is appreciated. The selections from *Petro il Grande* were performed in a style which fully justified the highest praise which might have been conferred on this *chef d'œuvre* of Mons. Jullien and his wonderful band. Mlle. Zerr, in the song from the opera of *Il Flauto Magico*, revelled in all the wonders of vocalism, though labouring under a severe cold, which prevented her complying with the rapturous encore with which this charming lay was greeted. In the Tyrolienne, in the second part of the concert, the amazing resources of the gifted songstress were brought into the most splendid effect, at the conclusion of which an apology had to be made to the audience for the lady not complying with the universal call for its repetition. Of the general character of the instrumental performance, fame has done its utmost, and if there be one in the community who doubts of the reality of all that has been said in praise of these concerts, we would advise that person to go and judge for himself.

COCKS'S MUSICAL ALMANACK.—In our notice of this compact little publication last week, we omitted to mention that the almanack is supplied by Messrs. Cocks *gratis*—a recommendation which will, doubtless, ensure it a large circulation.

MISS HELENE CONDELL.—This talented vocalist continues gaining well-deserved popularity. *The Ambassador* was produced at Mr. Conquest's theatre on Monday, the principal rôle being sustained with the greatest success by Miss CondeLL, who was rapturously encored in the "lesson scene," and was recalled after each act to receive the applause of a crowded and highly gratified audience. The next opera to be produced for Miss CondeLL is *L'Élixir d'Amore*.

QUARTETT CONCERTS.—CROSBY HALL.—The first of Mr. Dando's annual series of six came off on Monday last. The performers, besides the usual quartett (Messrs. Dando, A. Mellon, Hill, and Lucas), were Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. The selection commenced with Haydn's Quartett in F minor, (No. 35) one of the most charming that ever came from his pen. Detail is needless with a work so well known to classical amateurs. To give a preference to any part of it, would be like trying to find the brightest side of a diamond. Perhaps, however, the adagio (in F major) is the *quinta pars nectaris* of the affair. The quartett was played with the animus with which a work of the kind is sure to inspire an "efficient executive." Even the tact and experience of Miss Dolby could hardly relieve the scena from Handel's *Belshazzar*, (which followed the quartett) from heaviness. The grace and vivacity of Mozart's sonata, in A major, for violin and pianoforte, found the most graphic and able of exponents in Messrs. Dando and Lindsay Sloper. After Mendelssohn's Lied (*Erster verbutst*), sung by Miss Dolby, the first act terminated with Beethoven's brilliant quartett (No. 10). The finest portions of this work are the first movement (allegro, E flat) and the presto (C minor), although the latter, with all its quaint freshness and vigour, is too long—an objection from which the entire work is not altogether free. Mendelssohn's caprice in E major is a delicious morceau. In tracing the currents of feeling which inspire musical ideas, the judgment must often be at fault. The contemplation of nature, in some sylvan retreat—the brawling of a brook, heard in the deep stillness of a summer noon, and evolving itself by the force of genius into a stream of harmony, are among the thoughts to which the caprice of fancy might attribute this fanciful caprice, to which ample justice was done by Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Miss Dolby now stepped forward to make her parting curtsy in Mendelssohn's Lied (*Lieblingsplazcher*). This song, which is written in a style of ultra simplicity, and consists of little more than a repetition of a single phrase, would hardly escape the charge of monotony in the hands of an ordinary singer. Miss Dolby, however, contrived to obtain a most unequivocal encore for it. The novelty of the evening was the first performance in this country of setest of Spohr, (for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos), which concluded the concert. We must, as usual, decline speaking with confidence of works of this kind, on a first hearing. The setest is written with more obvious simplicity and clearness than is usual with the author. The first movement (allegro in C major) is the best. The larghetto and scherzo partake of the same vigour and clear-

ness. The last movement is less effective. Spohr's peculiar manner is traceable throughout the work. The *leste* is short. That its brevity is a recommendation, must be attributed to the light and evanescent character with which the author seems purposely to have invested it—so much for a first impression. To the usual quartett of executants were Mr. Clementi (viola), and Mr. W. F. Reed (bass). The two middle movements were the most faultlessly given. The rest, which comprised the most difficult portions, would have been all the better for a little more rehearsing. The *leste* was somewhat coldly received. The room was exceedingly well attended, and the next concert will take place on the 31st.

BOOSEY AND CO.—This firm, for many years known under the title of "Boosey and Co.," is announced through the medium of a printed circular, in future to be conducted under the title of "Boosey and Sons," Mr. Boosey, senior, having taken his two sons, Charles and John, into partnership. The polite attentions of the two sons—(being worthy of the more experienced and respected father of this old establishment)—will doubtless not fail to perpetuate the popularity of "Boosey's Foreign Musical Library."

MRS. E. DE BARRY.—This accomplished pianiste and composer is at present sojourning at Eastnor Castle, near Ledbury, but will return to London to resume her professional duties early in February.

SIGNOR SALABERT.—This well-known artist will give his annual concert on Tuesday evening, at Blagrove's Concert Rooms, Mortimer-Street, Cavendish Square. Judging from the array of popular artists engaged for the occasion, the concert will doubtless prove attractive. The programme is a good one.

MR. ALLCROFT promises a great treat on the occasion of his sixteenth annual concert, at Exeter Hall, on Monday next; and from the large array of talent he has engaged for the occasion, we have no doubt he will have, as usual, a brilliant and overflowing audience.

MRS. FREDERICK CROOK, (late Miss Emma Goodman) intends to give a private Soirée, at her residence, on Wednesday next.

MR. HARPER.—We regret to announce to our readers the sudden death of this talented gentleman, well known as the first trumpet player of his day.

HERR REICHARDT, the tenor, who, during his stay in England, by his charming manner of singing the melodies, by Schubert, Abt, Oberthur, and others, obtained general admiration, is now engaged at the Stadt Theater, in Hamburg; and to judge from the accounts of "the Correspondent," he is equally prized by the gay inhabitants of that fair city. Herr Reichardt performs in the Opera of *Giralda*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *La Dame Blanche*, and obtains great applause also for his unaffected delineations of the characters he assumes, and his admirable singing.

HACKNEY.—On Tuesday evening last, the Hackney Harmonic Society gave their Annual Concert in the Hall of the Literary and Scientific Institution. The concert opened with Romberg's Symphony in E flat, ably executed by the band. The cavatina from Donizetti's "Robert Devereux" was sung with good effect by Miss Toussaint, as also was the song "The Merry Zingara." The chief feature of the evening was the performance of a MS. Fantasia for orchestra and pianoforte on airs from Auber's "Infant Prodige," arranged by Mr. G. W. Morgan. The faultless and brilliant execution of the pianoforte part by the composer, showed him at once a pianist of the first class, as well as a composer of sterling merit. His solo, "Weber's Invitation to Waltz," was exquisitely played and loudly re-demanded. Beethoven's trio in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was ably and very correctly played by Messrs. Morgan, Parry, and Balcombe, the latter gentleman evincing great skill and sound musical knowledge, by the manner in which he handled the violoncello. Miss James, who was in excellent voice, sang Abt's "Agathe" in fine style, and enraptured her hearers by her style of singing Crouch's "Kathleen Mavourneen," which, as a matter of course, got encored. Mr. Parry, on the violin, was everything that could be wished. Mr. Carter sang the *White Squall*—the accompanist was Mr. Haskins. The concert passed off well, and the room was crowded with a highly fashionable audience. One of Broadwood's splendid instruments was used on the occasion.

HARP UNION.—A Matinée was given at Erard's Rooms, on Tuesday, by Mr. T. H. Wright, assisted by Mr. H. J. Trust and Mr. Boleyne Reeves. A numerous fashionable audience attended, and listened with evident pleasure to the following programme. A grand duo for two harps, on Rossini's *La Donna del Lago*, composed by Herr & Boches, and excellently played by Mr. T. H. Wright and Mr. H. J. Trust; a nocturne for three harps, composed by Oberthur, which was also well played by Messrs. Trust, T. H. Wright, and Boleyne Reeves; a grand duo, on Rossini's *Moise*, composed by *Galayes* and *Schunke*, played by Mr. Boleyne Reeves and Mr. T. H. Wright; a grand march, dedicated to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, for three harps, by T. H. Wright, and played by Messrs. T. H. Wright, Boleyne Reeves, and Trust, which was highly effective and much admired; a duo concertante, in B flat by *Dusseck*, played by Mr. T. H. Wright and Mr. Boleyne Reeves; and the Wedding March (*Midsummer Night's Dream*) by Mendelssohn, arranged for three harps by Oberthur, played in a charming manner by Messrs. T. H. Wright, Boleyne Reeves, and Trust. It is announced that Classic Selections from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Ries, &c., are about to be arranged for the harp by the members of the *Harp Union*. This is a move in the right direction, and will add additional interest to their programmes. We subjoin the names of a few of the fashionable amateurs who were present: The Honourable Lady Lawley, Lady Caroline and the Misses Calcraft, Lady Glentworth, Lady Selina Bridgeman, Mrs. Bristowe, Honourable Mrs. James Knox, Mrs. and Miss Harington, Mrs. Maxwell, Captain and Mrs. Boys, Miss Knowles, the Misses Pereira, the Misses Tibury, Miss Tootal, Miss Murray, Miss E. Taylor, &c.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—Richard Spring, a journeyman carpenter, of Peterboro', has invented a novel musical instrument, resembling a large pair of kitchen bellows, but double in thickness. Whilst the performer is blowing the fire, this instrument plays, with astonishing precision, three popular airs. The music resembles that of a concertina, and the tone is exceedingly mellow.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

W. and C., Aberdeen; T. M. M., Edinburgh; D. W. B., Manchester; W. K., Dublin.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

FIVE Songs and a Duet, from the Incidents in this celebrated Work, are now Published. Words by J. E. CARPENTER, Music by GEO. LINLEY, and J. L. HATTON. Songs, 2s. each. Duet, 3s.

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N.B. Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Box.

JUST PUBLISHED—SELECT SONGS AND PIANO-FORTE PIECES FROM JULLIEN'S GRAND OPERA, "PIETRO IL GRANDE."

A "Grand Opera" from the hand of M. JULLIEN was to be desired and to be expected. We now have it in a form that does not disappoint us; and self-interest, in looking to the future, as well as gratitude in looking to the past, might alone induce the English public to help forward, with their hearty countenance, a man of genius who is advancing earnestly into his proper sphere.—*Britannia*, 21st August, 1852.

Vocal Music.	Poetry.
<p><i>andantino</i> LAMENTO.</p>  <p>Oh! hear'n! hear my pray'r, hear my pray'r! Spare, oh, spare one for - loss,</p>	<p>O Heav'n! hear my prayer! Spare, oh! spare One forlorn, Left to mourn, With no heart-her woes to share! Ah, me! Far from home Forced to roam, Hope on earth</p> <p>None have I, Save to lay me down and die! Once upon was shining o'er me, And pleasure smiled before me, Each day did joy restore me, And life flow'd gently by! But hope now hath flown, And life's last light is gone!</p>
<p><i>amoroso</i> ROMANZINA.</p>  <p>Leave me not! leave me not, with-out one kind word or sigh!</p>	<p>Leave me not, leave me not, Without one kind look or sigh! Thou, my star and treasure only! Wanting thee, my life were lonely Leave me not, leave me not, Or leave me here to die!</p> <p>O stay! O stay!—One moment stay! Perhaps this hand I press In death's cold grasp may soon remain! Those eyes no more may bless My soul with light again! Leave me not! leave me not!</p>
<p><i>andantino</i> MARITIME MELODY.</p>  <p>Be-fore! Zaar-dam! fair sail-ing home! whence peace and joy</p>	<p>Beloved Zaardam, Fair smiling home! Whence peace and joy Ne'er seek to roam!</p> <p>The heav'n unites With earth and sea, A Paradise To make of thee!</p>
<p><i>andante</i> SCENA.</p>  <p>Fare - well, Fare - - - - well, thou humble cot-</p>	<p>Farewell, farewell, thou humble cot, These hands with pride have told'd to raise! On earth to me, what other spot Can lend the charm of tranquil days?</p> <p>Beneath thy roof no fears I knew, Nor anxious thoughts with me did dwell; We part—this heart remains with you, My humble cot, farewell, farewell!</p>
<p><i>noble</i> ROMANZA.</p>  <p>Oh, hear be-loved master, hear! The friend who long has serv'd thee well,</p>	<p>Oh! hear beloved master, hear The friend who long hath served the well. Unto his words, oh! turn thine ear, Nor against his fervent prayer rebel.</p> <p>Awake from this hour's fatal dream; The voice of an empire obey! The light of her glory beacem, And turn not from her hopes away!</p>
<p><i>andante</i> ARIA.</p>  <p>Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ev - - - er.</p>	<p>Catherine, I know not where to seek thee; In vain on thee I call! The guests in crowds assemble, And gladness reigns around. Yet 'mid the gay and glittering throng</p> <p>Their Emperor hopeless pines. An Emperor!—Yet, ah! why? If I alone must sigh And dream of joys no more! ***** Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ever!</p>
<p><i>martiale</i> NATIONAL HYMN.</p>  <p>Sons of Rusland fam'd in story, Firm of heart, sincere, un - - - changing,</p>	<p>Sons of Rusland famed in story! Firm of heart, sincere, unchanging, Ne'er from truth or valour ranging, Honour's star still shines before you!</p> <p>Zeal and patriot love that souls make strong Peace and freedom for your cause have won! While high gallant deeds all nation's own, Shall fame resound your power and glory!</p>
<p><i>allegro</i> COSSACK WAR SONG.</p>  <p>With ruth - - - less sword we strike the foe.</p>	<p>With ruthless hand we strike the foe! Our home is on the battle plain, Where groans arise 'mid heaps of slain! Death to all—no mercy show! When the cannon roars around, And deep thunders shake the ground, Thro' the flame and smoke we ride Dealing death on every side!</p> <p>And should some trembling wretch, With lifted hand, for pity pray, And plead for wives and babes, Left sad and lonely, far away; Shall we, to softness mov'd, our ma- shame! No, no!—</p>
Instrumental Music.	Opinions of the Press.
<p>QUADRILLE.</p> 	<p>From the TIMES.</p> <p>M. JULLIEN'S new opera, <i>Pietro il Grande</i>, was represented for the third time on Saturday night. The music improves on closer acquaintance—a strong testimony in its favor. Instead of three encores there were four, on both occasions; and on both the audience remained till the end. There is, to speak faithfully, much to admire in <i>Pietro il Grande</i>. In the first act, the choruses of sailors and wanderers, the madrigal, the scene of Peter, and the Muscovite hymn; in the second, the banquet scene, including Menailoff's drinking song, and Rososmak's Cossack war-song, the quartet, duet for Catherine and Peter, and septet; in the third, Catherine's prayer, Letoff's romance, with double-bass obligato, and the dramatic scene for Rososmak and the conspirators; these, with the waltz and <i>Madonaiser</i> (act 1), and the mazurka (act 2), are fair proofs of M. Jullien's talent as a dramatic composer. That the opera, having so many good things to recommend it, will become a favorite with the public, can hardly, we think, be doubted.</p>
<p>VALE HOLLANDAISE.</p> 	<p>From the EXAMINER.</p> <p>Our space compels us to give but a brief account of the details, and we must content ourselves with merely mentioning the chief musical features. The chorus of the <i>wanderers</i> of the dockyard behind the scenes, is extremely pleasing; and Madlle. Anna Zerr's opening cavatina, "O mio genitil," is gracefully written, and the variations written for a <i>voix d'exception</i>, light and sparkling. A madrigal, "In un delirio amato," was recommended, and after it comes the great feature of the opera, a hymn, "Di Muscovia letiti Agil," founded on a Russian melody, which was sung by Signor Tamberlik and the chorus. This, also, was most unanimously encored. In the incidental ballet, Jullien has introduced a waltz which eclipses all his former Terpsichorean productions.</p>
<p>MAZURKA.</p> 	<p>From the LITERARY GAZETTE.</p> <p>M. JULLIEN'S <i>Pietro il Grande</i> was at length brought out at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday, the delay having added to the public curiosity concerning an event so novel. The performance has proved that M. Jullien is capable of higher employment than a leader of light Terpsichorean harmony. No one has ever disputed M. Jullien's great taste both as a melodist and harmonist, or his original talent for musical description in short pieces. His astonishing fertility of ideas, and facility in metre and rhythm, which is the charm of orchestral, as demanded, and after it comes the great feature of the opera, a hymn, "Di Muscovia letiti Agil," founded on a Russian melody, which was sung by Signor Tamberlik and the chorus. This, also, was most unanimously encored. In the incidental ballet, Jullien has introduced a waltz which eclipses all his former Terpsichorean productions.</p>
<p>PULTAVA MARCH.</p> 	<p>From the MUSICAL WORLD.</p> <p><i>Pietro il Grande</i> was repeated on Saturday and Tuesday, for the third and fourth times. The success of the last performance was greatly superior to any of the preceding. Indeed, the attendance on Tuesday was one of the most brilliant and fashionable of the season—despite the time of year, when the town is nearly empty—and the reception of the opera throughout was nothing short of enthusiastic. Jullien was recalled after each act, and the favorite pieces, the Madrigal, Russian Hymn, and Quatuor, were encored with vehemence. The weekly journals have proved themselves strong in faith and appreciation, as may be gathered from the notices we have supplied elsewhere. The success of <i>Pietro il Grande</i> is beyond all dispute, and we have no doubt it will prove, for many years to come, one of the most attractive operas in the splendid repertory of the Royal Italian Opera.</p>

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—NEXT FRIDAY, JAN. 28, will be performed, MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH. Vocalists—Madame Fiorentini, Miss Deakin, Miss Dolby, Miss F. Huddart, Mr. Lockey, Mr. J. A. Novello, and Mr. Weiss. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each. The Subscription is one, two, or three guineas per annum, and for the past two years has included 11 concerts. Tickets obtained and subscriptions received at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

EXETER HALL.**LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**

ON MONDAY, JAN. 31st, Handel's Oratorio, SOLOMON. Principal English artists—Miss Birch, Mrs. Temple, Miss C. Felton, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler. The Band and Chorus will consist of 800 performers. Conductor, Mr. SURMAN, founder, and twenty years conductor of the Exeter Hall oratorios. Single Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each. The Subscription to the Society is £1 1s. per annum; Reserved Seats, £2 2s.; Central Reserved Seats, numbered, £3 3s.; Two Tickets for each Concert to Christmas next, or Six Tickets for this Performance, and Two for each Concert till Michaelmas, with a valuable Musical present from the Conductor. Only office of the Society, No. 9, Exeter Hall.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Series of Concerts for the Season of 1853, will take place in Exeter-hall, commencing in March. The arrangements with regard to the orchestra and chorus, will be on the same scale as last year. The Directors, anxious to carry out the views set forth in the original prospectus, of affording opportunities for the execution of music of the highest order, are in treaty with a distinguished German Composer, who, with Dr. Wyld, will conduct the concerts. Subscribers to the Concerts for the Season of 1853, will have the refusal of seats in the New Philharmonic Hall, which is intended to be a building of the most appropriate kind, and will be opened for the season of 1854. By order of the Directors, 201, Regent-street, Dec. 13, 1852.

EXETER HALL.

MR. ALLCROFT'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL CONCERT, MONDAY next, JAN. 24, for which the following eminent artists have accepted engagements:—Vocalists—Messrs. Fiorentini, Favanti, Sims Reeves, Rebecca Isaac, Harland, Orman, Alleyne, Walker, Kathleen Fitzwilliam, Marie Dore, F. Lablache, and Miss Dolby. Messrs. Sims Reeves (his first appearance this season), Brandt, Corri, G. Tedder, Manley, Leffler, and Signor F. Lablache. Also, by special desire, the celebrated Tyrolean Singers, who have been honoured with a command from her Majesty. Instrumental Soloists, Mlle. Coulou, Bainton, Case, Richardson, Arbin, and the unrivalled Bottesini. Leader—M. Tolbecque. Conductors—F. Mori, Kuchler, and Schira. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; reserved seats, 4s.; stalls, 7s. May be had of all music-sellers, and at Mr. Allen's Office, 15, New Bond-street.

MADAME PLEYEL,

ON her return to England, will give a SOIREE MUSICALE on MONDAY, JAN. 31, at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS. Vocalists—Madame Fiorentini, Miss Alleyne, Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Weiss. Madame Pleyel will perform on the pianoforte a Selection of Classical and Modern Works. Violin, M. Bainton; violoncello, Signor F. Lablache; Contralto, Mr. Frank Merl. Commences at 8 o'clock. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d. each; tickets, 7s.; at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and all Music-sellers.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S ASCENT OF MONT BLANC,

EVERY Evening at Eight o'clock. Stalls, 3s. (which can be secured at the box-office every day from Eleven to Four); Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. A Morning Performance every Tuesday and Saturday, at Three o'clock. Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

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VACCAJ'S PRACTICAL METHOD of ITALIAN SINGING. A new Edition of this famous work is published, price 15s. CRESCENTINI, ZINGARELLI, CATRUSO, PANERON, RUDOLPHE, GARCIA, ROSSINI. The whole of the Solfeggi and Methods by the above celebrated masters are published by

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MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS & CO.'s

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

THE LEADING BALLADS of the DAY seem to be "MARY ASTORE," "THE TEAR," and "THE SUNSHINE OF OUR HOME," the latter constantly sung with rapturous applause by Miss Dolby. This accomplished vocalist is rising rapidly in the same of public favour, and her beautiful rendering of this touching song (which, by the way, Edward Land composed expressly for her) is at least equal to any of her numerous triumphs. The poetry (Mr. Carpenter's) inspired the composer, and he has transmitted the inspiration, clothed in melody, to the accomplished singer, who never fails to charm her audience with the heartfelt strains. "Mary Astore," by St-phen Glover, and "The Tear," by Kücken, are taking a like position in popular favour, and afford Miss Dolby new opportunities of shading her fair brow with undying laurels.—*Observer*, Dec. 19th, 1852. Note—"The Tear" is sung with much applause by Miss E. Birch and Mrs. Alexander Newton.

BRINLEY RICHARDS'S LA REINE BLANCHE, Grand Galop, 4s. RECOLLECTIONS of WALES (for the pianoforte), 8 numbers, 3s. each; The Homeward March, 3s.; The Angel's Song, 2s.; The Vision, 2s.; The Storm March, Galop, 3s. Also, in numbers, "The Classical Pianist," and "The Student's Prize," both series fingered by Mr. Brinley Richards. Speaking of the Galop, the editor of the *Musical World* describes it as fully worthy of the light and airy fingers of M. Emile Prudent. "Few living composers for the pianoforte," he continues, "excel Mr. Richards in this species of writing; he knows the art of combining the *ad captandum* with the better qualities of the musician. His Galop is not merely brilliant—it is elegant, well-written, and in more than one instance *recherché*."

THE BEST PIANO METHOD.—HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANOFORTE. Edited by CZERNY. 33rd edition, 48 large folio pages, 4s.

"It is sufficient to say that the present edition is the 33rd edition to stamp it with the genuine mark of excellence. It really deserves all the popularity it enjoys."—*Sunday Times*.

THE DAME DURDEN QUADRILLES, for the PIANOFORTE, beautifully and humorously illustrated.—Mr. J. BLEWITT respectfully informs the musical public that he has SOLD and ASSIGNED all his COPYRIGHT and INTEREST in the DAME DURDEN QUADRILLES to the Messrs. ROBERT COCKS and Co., of New Burlington-street, London. (Signed) J. BLEWITT.

61, Spencer-street, 14th January, 1853.

MY MOTHER'S GENTLE WORDS. Song.—Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER; the Music, composed and dedicated to Miss Dolby, by J. HENRY GRIESBACH. 2s.

London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington-st., Publishers to the Queen: N.B. Gratis, on application, Robert Cocks and Co.'s Musical Almanac for 1853.

Just Published,

FLEURS PRINTANIERES.

QUADRILLE Origin le, pour le Piano, composée par F. L. SOHLMANN, price 2s. 6d. Jewell and Letchford, 17, Soho Square, and at the Composer's Residence, 60a, Greek Street, Soho Square.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

MESSRS. HAITE & LEACH, Musical Instrument Makers to Her Majesty's Army and Navy, have REMOVED from 13, Clifford-street, Bond-street, to 7, NEW COVENTRY-STREET, Leicester-square, in which extensive premises their friends and patrons will find a large assortment of Military and Orchestral Instruments, including the various inventions of M. Halaré, at very moderate prices.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE whole of the Music as Performed at the Funeral of the Duke of Wellington, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Edited by JOHN GOSS, Organist of St. Paul's, 10s. 6d. bound in cloth. May be had singly, Goss's New Anthem, "If we believe," 2s. 6d., and Dirge, "And the King said," ending with Handel's "Dead March" in Saul, 3s.; and the other pieces may be had separately.

Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor by MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3, Studley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS & Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, January 22nd, 1853.